"Beware, prepare, or else ye dir," he saith. hear a baggard student turn and eigh; hear men begging heaven to let them die; and drowning all, a wild-eyed woman's cry.

So night takes toll of wisdom as of sin, The student's and the drunkard's cheek is thin; But flesh is not the prize we strive to win.

Now siry swarms of fluttering dreams descend On souls, like birds on trees, and have no end. O God! from vulture dreams my soul defend. Let fall on her arose leaf rain of dreams, All passionate sweet, as are the loving beams of starlight on the glimmering woods and

GIPSY'S CURSE.

CHAPTER X.

It was barely eleven o'clock when Roland Sabine went to the Grange, only to learn that Miss Ilma was out and had left no message. No message! Had she for-gotten her promise to him? Roland ground his teeth; but, hiding his wrath from the servant, he said he would wait till Miss

Durnford returned.

The old lady came back before one. She knew nothing of Hma; doubtless she would be in during the afternoon. Roland departed, and at three called again. had not yet returned. Miss Durnford had flattered herself that the girl was at the Larches; But the young Squire's, appearance made her auxious. What could have become of the child? She could never have staid away so long on purpose. Roland shared her anxiety, and went at once to make inquiries about I'ma,

He turned his steps first towards the river, and was just approaching the lock bridge, when he saw Zeph coming down the slope. She stopped the moment she saw Roland; and, as he came towards her, she looked into his face with a wicked flash in her eyes and laughed.

"You can keep off," she said shortly; and you needn't try to hide what you're after. It's Dark Darrell's lady love you were going to ask about, I know.' "Dear Zeph," began Roland, "if you

have seen-"Pon't 'dear Zeph' me!" interrupted the girl fiercely, stamping her foot. "You'd drown me as soon as look at me it you dared, or see me drown, which is the next thing to it. It's that golden haired foreign cousin of yours you are in love with; and all the pretty things you have said to me count for nothing now. But you won't get her. Didn't I know Sir Philip would have her when I saw her riding the Arab?"

"Zeph, are you mad!" cried Roland hoarsely. "What do you mean?"
"Oh, I may suffer," retorted the undaunted girl; "but you must not wait an instant to know what the girl you love is about! You may talk to me, and tell me you love me, and give me things, and there is no harm done; as if I had no heart, and need not mind seeing you throw me over directly a beauty from foreign parts comes your way! 'Tis no use to fume, Mr. Sabine; you have treated me as Sir Philip would not have done, whatever his ancestor did. He's a noble gentleman anyhow, and be'd never fool with an honest girl he couldn't marry, as you have done-You needn't worry after Miss Ilma; she's chosen a handsomer lover than youha, ha! She's been dreeing her weird while you've been hunting the woods for She's not afraid of Sir Philip's Wases, I'll warrant; she'd rather di

him than live with you." "Zeph." said Roland, grasping the giri's wrist, "tell me what you know. Are you talking like this to torture me, or do you mean that Ilma Costello has fled with

"Ob, no!" replied Zephquietly. "Maybe home now; but I saw them on the road together twenty minutes ago; he was leading his horse and she was by his side. Drop your hand, Mr. Sabine; you burt me. Just a bit above the village they stopped and said good-bye. He didn't kiss her then, though there was nobody by that they could see; but he stood still where she'd left him and watched her. When she'd gone a bit, she looked back, and he kissed his hand to her. You don't tike it, ch!"-for Roland stamped his foot, and, with a terrible imprecation, ground it on the path. "Well, go and tell him but you can't have her if she loves him: you know that,"

"By the heavens above, he shall not have her?" said Roland, in blind fury, "I will take her from him, or they shall perish together! I swear it."

Zeph's eyes flashed. She sprang forward and grasped the young man's hand-"Count on me," she said. "I hate her as you hate him, and will hate her when she scorns you; for she will, Ay"-as Roland shook off her hand her voice almost to a shrick-"it's of no use, Roland Sabine! If she loves Philip Darrell, she must die: and you know it. You take her from him! Ha ha!"-and she laughed

long and loudly.

Before the echo of her laughter had died away, Roland was hundreds of yards from the spot, speeding he knew not whither, Not homewards, for he dare not be seen there; nor to the Grange, for he could not meet Ilma in her atuut's presence. He dashed into the woods, and there remained till long after darkness and fallen, now walking wildly to and fro, now lying on the ground in a choos of thought that made him feel at times as if his reason were leaving him. He never doubted that I'ms had met Sir Philip Dasrell by appointment; and she had either forgotten her promise to himself or had deliberately ignored it. He swore again that she should be his, or die with the lover she

had preferred to him. In Roland Sabine's nature there was a ferocity that no one would suspect who saw in him a frank, perhaps at times sullen-tempered, North-Country squire. His love was, after all, a selfish passion; it was capable of self-sacrifice. What he desired to possess should be his or should be long to no one else; rather would be destroy what he valued than allow another to have it. He had displayed this trait even as a lad. He had shot a favorite pointer that had acquired troublesome whom he was on bad terms to have the

He would rather have seen Ilma Costello stretched dead at his feet than happy in a rival's arms. Fearful as the thought was, he did not put it from him, or even try to do so. He nursed it with a fierce triumph, and even noted with a grim satisfaction as he at length walked homewards through the night, that a heavy cloud hung solitary in the heavens, otherwise clear, which seemed to brood over the river, and that the air was close and heavy. In a few days
—It might be a week, it might be less—the

flood would be out! Ilma, kneeling at the chamber window, saw that cloud too, and bowed her sunny head; and she prayed—ah, how earnestly -with bitter tears, for her lover. She had not told her aunt of her interview with Sir Philip Darrell. The old lady had received her with the joy of one relieved from keen anxiety; and she had told Ilma that Roland had called twice, and had gone to search for her. Ilma had been very penitent; but she had only said that he had been to be had been to be her been to be the been to be she had been for a long ramble and did not know how the time had passed—which was strictly true; and Miss Durnford had

been satisfied with the explanation.

But now the old lady could not sleep, for she saw the black cloud hanging in the sultry sky; and she stole softly to Ilma's per and opened the door. The girl started up from the window and came to

"Auntie!"

"My dear child," said Miss Durnford, eit is past eleven, and you are not even undressed. What are you doing by the open windows "Watching that cloud, auntie. I am

Miss Durnford could not see the speak er's face distinctly in the dusk of the apartment; but she drew the slight form to-wards her, and said gently-"I cannot sleep to-night, and I came to see if you were wakeful too. My heart "-and her voice faltered-

I think of Sir Philip Darrell-still at the

Ilma gently disengaged herself from her aunt's embrace, and went back to the window, not kneeling down this time, but standing with her forehead resting against the glass. Presently she said softly, with-out looking round to where her aunt still

"I do not believe in the curse, auntie." "Ilma dear," returned Miss Durnford, "you must not mind my saying this, that I hope you are not speaking so because you do not wish to believe in misfortune con ing to Sir Darrell. I mean, I hope you do not think too much of him. You up

"Yes, auntie: I understand." Miss Durnford paused; but Ilma said no more; and the old lady felt disappoint-ed. Why could not the child be frank

with her? Surely, she thought, in fear and perplexity, nothing had passed be-tween Ilma and Sir Philip! If there had been anything, the child ought to tell her. Miss Durnford did not know how difficult is such confidence to a sensitive nature. even if willingly offered, and Ilma was not willing. The secret belonged to herself and Sir Philip, for the present at least. Its revelation could only make her aunt unhappy, and perhaps angry. Why should y one know? So the girl stood silent. "Ilma," said Miss Durnford "you make

me anxious. You are not open with me, as you should be. I do not want to blame you; Sir Philip is a most fuscinating man, and it would be nothing strange if you had allowed him to engage your fancy."

Fancy-when the very sound of his name thrilled through every nerve! But the girl shrank from the prim phraseology, and felt that she could not give her confidence; besides, had she a right to do so? It was true that her lover had not uttered a word that implied he desired secrecy; but she would not-indeed she would not speak of what seemed to her too solemn and sacred to be talked about.

"Auntie," she said pleadingly—and there were tears in the sweet young voice "please do not ask me any questions to night-another time perhaps, but not now, Don't think me unkind or ungrateful; but

I couldn't say anything to-night.'
Miss Durnford sighed heavily. "You American girls," she said sadly, ware so independent, I cannot understand you. When I was your age, I sought my mother's help when I was in trouble; but you light your own battles at seventeen Good night, dear; go to bed and try to get some sleep."

Ilma was alone again, Independent? Yes, doubtless she was; but somehow she did not now feel the need of even a mother: and a mother, she argued-she had never known her own-was something that the kindest of aunts could not be. Her lover seemed all-sufficient.

'Father to me thou art, and mother dear, And brother too, kind husband of my heart,

So speaks Andromache." And so spoke Ilma. Even with regard to Roland Sabine she felt stronger-she still dreaded him, but not so much. She might have spoken to her aunt, and so avoid ed an interview with him; but this idea did not occur to her. She, could, in her fear, run away from him altogether; but to ask any one to interpose on her behalf was contrary to her nature; and, after all, she thought, Roland had a right to see her. Certainly she would not seek an interview, but she would no longer avoid it.

At the turn of night the rain came. It

fell suddenly, like a vast sheet of water from the heavens, with the roar and hiss of a cataract. It beat down the flowers in the gardens; it laid flat the corn in the fields; it converted many a dry mountain agers, started out of their sleep by the mring of the torrent, drew back their ourtains and gazed forth in terror; and the oughts of all turned to the grand old castellated mansion of the Durrells and s doomed lord.

Job Heston arose and went to his daughter's chamber and knocked at the door.
...Lass, lass, get up and look at the rain! It has not fallen like this for more than twenty years."

The girl was at the door in an instant, with a white scared face. "Father, is the Mill safe?"

"Aye, for to-night, yes; but, Zeph, if it rains like this for two nights more, the river will be over its banks, and this time the Mill will go."
"And Dark Darrell?" said Zeph in low tone, after a pause, filled by the rush

of the rain, mingling with and almost drowning the roar of the weir. replied Heston steadily, "he'll die, and the foreign missy too. You saw her with him to-day, Zeph. I knew how it would be; hers is the life for which he'll lose his. It'il come about somehow They'll toll the great bell in the chapel for the last of the Darrells before Sunday

omes around again."
The storm began to lessen at three o'clock, but the rain still fell in torrents till nearly midday; and at that time the Coalmere was rushing rapidly between its green banks, a swollen and angry tide. "The water's risen more'n two feet

"The water's risen more'n two feet since six o'clock this morning," said the old lock-man to Zeph. "If I was your father, I'd clear out of the Mill; for there's no saying what may happen if the rair comes again to-night as it did last night," "We'll have to go to uncle's yonder," returned Zeph gloomily, pointing across

the bridge.
"And I'd see to it before nightfall if I was you," said the lock-man. rant the Lord's life as soon as I'd warrant the Mill to-night if the rain comes on heavy; and, once the floods are out, how'll you get away, even if the Mill don't go-

Early in the afternoon it became known that Job Heston and his daughter were transferring all movables from the Mill to places of safety on the Searth Abbott side of the river, household goods being de-posited with a relative of Job's late wife, who was only a cousin, though Zeph called him "uncle."

No one liked the Hestons; so, even in his present extremity, Job could obtain little help but what he paid for. He knew that if he had sent up to the Court Sir Philip would have despatched a gang of laborers to aid him; but Job would not be "beholden" to Sir l'bilip for any-

The miller expressed no regret for the Impending destruction of his property. He had amassed a good sum of money, and ould easily reinstate himself elsewhere; and other feelings which might have ching ound the inheritance of his fathers seemed to be all but obliterated by the grim satis faction with wich he contemplated a ruin that would include, as he believed, that of the last representative of false Sir Ingelhart, and which would fulfill the curse. He said little indeed, but glanced auxious

"Maybe this'il be Dark Darrell's last night on earth; the Mill won't be there at sunrise tomorrow."

CHAPTER XI.

Nothing but the rain and the fate of Sir Philip Darrell was talked about at the Larches. Roland's face on the night before had plainly showed that something was very wrong; but he had youchsafed not a word of explanation, going straight to his room; and now he was equally uncommunicative. He sat at the table while

and did not utter a word. His appetite-usally hearty—had deserted him. He drauk eagerly, as if consumed by thirst, but ate nothing; and his mother and sisters arrived at the conclusion that he had seen lima, spoken to her, and been reject-ed. Rose tried strenuously to banish Sir Philip's name from the conversation, and

Directly after breakfast Roland withdrew to his study and locked the door; and no one ventured to intrude upon his The heavy fall of rain till noon frustrated his original intention of seeking Ilma in the morning; but, as soon as it abated, he sallied forth; and, as he crossed the hall, Rose rushed up to him breath-

"Roland, Roland, have you heard?" "Heard what?" said her brother rough-

ly. "I have heard nothing." "Why, Job Heston is leaving the Mill! It is said if it rains to-night as it did last night the floods will be so great that the Mill be washed away." "Ah, by Heaven-

Roland paused suddenly, and a look came into his face that made his sister recoil-a look she remembered afterwards, and read rightly then; now it only filled her with a vague horror.
"Roland!" she cried, in a tone that start-

led him into self-recollection. "So," he said musingly, "the Mill is doomed? Well, Rose, I am going to see how things are; and I will step down and

have a talk with Job," He passed out, mounted his horse, and rode away. When he reached the Grange, he asked for Miss Costello. She was at home the servant told him, but Miss Durn-

This was just what Roland desired; and he entered the drawing-room, and waited with a beating heart for Ilma. Would she run away from him a second time? No! He heard a light step in the oak passage, the door opened, and the girl entered. She looked deathly white; and there was a latent dread in her large eyes, but the curved lips and firm brow showed nothing but resolve. She drew back as Roland came forward eagerly, and held out her hand, as if by that action to deny him any other salutation until she knew whether he returned it as lover or as cousin. Ho land paused.

"Well," he said with a forced laugh, which the angry flush in his cheeks and the fieree gleam in his eyes belied," are we strangers? Roland." The girl colored deep-

ly, and her eyes fell. "I am sorry about yesterday. I don't want to make excuses. f did not forget my promise to you."
"You need not apologise," returned her cousin, declining the profered hand. "I know why you broke your promise; and it is not worth while to ask whether your other promise was made before I said

good-bye to you the other night or afterwards.' "Other promise! What do you mean?" said the girl haughtily. "I made no other promise. I went out to avoid you; that is

the plain truth-nothing more. "Very well, then; I wronged you," answered Roland, who did not doubt his young consin's truth. If Ilma had made an appointment with Darrell, she might have refused to answer questions; but she would never stoop to an untruth. thought you had promised Sir Philip Dar-rell to meet him; for you were with him. You were seen walking along the road with him."

"What then?" said Ilma. "Is that so very new or strange a thing to do? Have I never walked or ridden with Str Philip pefore? What is it to you or any one in this place what I do or where I go?

"It is everything to me, Ilma," cried the young man, "if Darrell is-as I believe he is-your lover! No; you shall hear me! You know that I love you; and that I can give you what he, with all his beauty and his wealth and his intellect, cannot give you-happiness! Sneer as you will, you annot shake off all faith in that terrible curse. You must believe that to love him

"Then how can you save me?" interrupted Ilma, with flashing eyes. "If I love him, it is too late-I must share his

"Love? No, no," said Reland almost wildly; "it is not love-only fancy. You are captivated by his graces; his very doom has excited your interests. He is a dastard to have tried to win you; and he tried from the beginning. Look back, and you will see that I am not unjust to him. He threw himself in your way, he gave you a costly gift, such as no man would have given to a girl he did not want to lay under an obligation to him. Did he mean nathing by those flowers, nothing by-

"Stop, stop, Roland! I will not listen to you! How dare you speak so to me of Philip Darrell?" The slender girl seemed transformed late a woman, as she stood erect, with stern brow and commanding esture, never more superbly beautiful than now. "Leave me, you have said too much already. I should not have loved you if I had never seen Sir Philip Darrell? I never liked you, never trusted you, and you have proved that my instinct vas right."

"Never liked me, never trusted me!" echoed Roland, drawing back a step. His face was livid—the look in his eyes made the girl tremble inwardly, though she showed nothing of this in her fearless mien and dauntless gaze. Then you love Philip Darrell, and he loves you!"

"Why should I deny it? Even if his fate is sealed by a gipsy-woman's curse, am I not free to choose death with him rather than live without him?"

Roland stood still for a moment, gazing on the beautiful girl before him. He felt as if he could strike her; but not so should his vengeauce be worked out. Suddenly he burst into a discordant laugh. "Yes, I suppose you have a right to choose your fate. Yours, is a fair life to win from him the 'needful sacrifice.' A man might well lose all for you. Yours will be merry marriage-chimes. Ha, ha! Tell them not to toll the minute-bell when they bring the last Darrell home with his bride! No, I am not mad; you need not recoil with that white face. It will be

whiter to-morrow by this time!"

He laughed again, and, dashing open
the door, rushed from the room and the house, leaving Ilma in the full belief that

his mind was unhinged.

An hour later Roland Sabine stood in the little wood near the Coalmere, talking in low tones to Job and Zeph Heston; and, as the trio parted, Zeph nodded with a resolute look of evil in her black eyes, and said, "All right; I'll do it;" and Jo

dropped some money into his pocket and said, "Agreed—all one to me sir." Then Roland turned back towards the village, but not homewards. He went no farther than a deserted barn a little way up the slope; and there he sat down, with the wide landscape of bill and wold and river before him, and his heart full of a foul design that he scarcely cared even to

try to veil with a euphemism.

He had not told Zeph the whole truth when he had enlisted her services; he had not told her that Ilma should have one chance for her life, and that that chance was to fly with him; he had only told her the alternative, as though it were the entire scheme; and, if lima chose that, entire scheme; and, if Ilma chose that, his crime would perish with her. The Hestons dared not betray him, for his guilt was theirs, and Zeph regarded herself as in some sort an instrument to fulfill the curse of her ancestress. Moreover, in speaking to her first, he had filled her foolish undisciplined heart with wild hopes for the future, till he gave the girl cause to think that he would some day make her his wife. What the result would be when Zeph found herself deceived Roland did not ask himself; he was not a man who not ask himself; he was not a man who at the best of times was able to forecast

guards; and now he was in no condition of mind for even ordinary precautions. Had Sir Philip Darrell at that moment appeared before him, he would most likely have

sprung at him with the ferocious instinct of a wild beast, without a second's consid eration of his inferiority to his antagonist or of the consequences to himself if even

succeeded in taking the hated life. Startling was the change that evil pas sions had wrought in the young man in a few hours. His cheeks were livid and has gard, his nether lip was drooping, and his eyes were wild and bloodshot; any one who had seen him seated in that dreary place, with his cibows on his knees and his hands propping his chin, might wel have deemed that he had committed o contemplated some deadly crime.

Although the rain had ceased at Searth Abbot, it was pouring down over the faroff hills, and the storm might sweep over Scarth Abbot again that night. The river rose steadily; and numbers of villager watched anxionsly the progress of the floods, and predicted that whether the rain came or not the river would certainly overflow at the turn of the night, if not before; though what mysterious influence the midnight hour had upon tides and currents was not explained.

Black and heavy the clouds rolled up from the west, till the whole sky was on black canopy, beneath which the river rushed foaming and roaring; and against the inky black ground the doomed Mill stood out white and ghostlike.

Just when darkness had fallen on the scene, two figures came out from the wood and passed down to the lock bridge, and one -a man's figure-vanished in the shadow; the other ran swiftly towards the Grange garden, which, at the back of the house stretched to within a few hundred yards of the river. As Zeph-for it was she-drew near to

the gate of the garden, her keen eyes detected a form standing just without; and her vengeful heart gave a glad bound. The next moment Hima had sprung forward. and Zeph was panting for breath, pressing her hand to her side. "What is it? What is the matter?"

asked the Canadian hurriedly, her thoughts flying instantly to Roland, who had left her so in distraught a state of mind. "Oh, lady," faltered the girl, "I wa coming to tell you-I daren't tell them at the Larches; and the young Squire was

fond of you; wasn't he, lady?"
"Go on," said Ilma, grasping Zeph's wrist and speaking quite sternly in her agony and terror. "What has happened?" "He's down there, lady-in uncle's cot-tage-drowned. Father found him-"

But Ilma waited for no more; she ran down the slope fleetly as a deer. She had reached the bottom, and had turned to ask Zeph, who was a little way behind, where the cottage was, when a stalwart form—which even in that second she recog-nised as that of Job Heston—sprang out before her, and, before she could utter a ery or word, a thick shawl was thrown over her head, and she was lifted in a grasp against which her wildest struggles would have been vain. She did not struggle, she did not try to cry out-it would have been uscless if she had. She perceived, even in that bewildering moment of hor rer never to be forgotten, that she was the victim of a terrible deception—that Job Heston and his daughter were but the tools of Roland Sabine.

.(To be continued.)

The Business Outlook.

Wall Street is said to be the pulse of the nation. The good times are discounted by the great operators of the street. The great prosperity of '79 and 80 first showed itself in prices on the stock exchange. The drought of '81 and the bad times which followed caused depression in securities which was not felt in the general business of the country till later. For two years prices have been on the down grade, but early in February a changed feeling manifest ed itself in the street. The "bears"that is the sellers of the market-failed in their efforts to still further depress prices, and the "bulls" took a hand in the game of speculation and succeeded in establishing a higher range of values. Then the iron market became more active. Sagacious business men say that the price of iron tells the story of the industrial situation. When the quoted values of that metal fall, it means that all the industries of the country are suffering; but when there is a new demand for tools and engines-that is, for iron and steel—it shows that the business of the country is reviving. The price of iron steadily went down from 1881 to 1884, but the February of this year told a different story. The de-mand for iron increased and there was an advance in its price. There are, it is true, some bad business indications. There are many failures, wages are being reduced, the bank currency is contracting, and gold is being shipped abroad but after all we have plenty of currency and the surplus of last year's crops is large. Our population is in-creasing, and the condition of our machinery for doing work was never better. The American people are hopeful as well as enterprising, and if the crops this year are at all good, they will be as prosperous as ever in the closing months of this year.

Saved by an Albatross. A singular story has been related to us by the master of the bark Gladstone, which arrived here from London. While the vessel was in latitude 42 de grees south, and longitude 90 degrees east, a seaman fell overboard from the starboard gangway. The bark was scudding along with a rough sea and a moderate wind, but, on the alarm of "man overboard" being given, she was rounded to, and the starboard lifeboat was lowered, manned by the chief officer and four men. A search for the unfortunate man was made, but owing to the roughness of the sea, he could not be discovered; but the boat steered to the spot where he was last seen. Here they found him floating, but almost exhausted, clinging for dear life to the legs and wings of a huge albatross. The bird had swooped down on the man while the latter was struggling with the waves and attempted to peck him with its powerful beak. Twice th bird attracted its prey unsuccessfully, being beaten off by the desperate sailor, battling with two enemies—the water and the albatross—both greedy and in-satiable. For the third time the huge white form of the bird hovered over the seaman, preparatory to a final swoop. The bird, eager for its meal, swoop. The bird, eager for its mean, fanned its victim with its wide-spread

wings.
Suddenly a thought occurred to him that the huge form so close to his face might become his involuntary rescuer.
Quick as thought he reached up and seized the bird, which he proceeded to strangle with all his might. The huge creature struggled with its wings an paddles to free itself. In the contes the sailor was beaten black and blue and cruelly lacerated, but he held his and cruelly lacerated, but he held his own, and slowly the bird quivered and died. The carcass floated lightly on the waves, its feathers forming a comfortable support for the exhausted man who had so narrowly escaped a lingering death. But another danger awaited him. He was not much of a swimmer, and the excitement of the extraordinary conflict began to tell on him. He was faint and grew giddy. But with

one arm over the albatross' body, under the wing, and one hand clutching the bird's feet, the sailor awaited his chance for a rescue. Presently he heard his comrades shout from the boat, and in a few minutes more he was safe on board the barque, though a good deal shaken and exhausted.—Sydney (Australia) Telegraph.

A Georgia Snake.

So many snake stories have been published by the Southern press that every Northerner who crosses the Ohio River begins to look for serpents. Michigan man, who was taking a brief trip last fall down into sunland, reached Rome, Ga., without having seen a snake, and he felt so glad over it that he couldn't keep his feelings to himself. At the hotel were several guests who determined on a joke at his expense. A darkey in town, who had several samples of stuffed snakes, was interviewed to the extent of half a dollar, and a plan was perfected to give the Michigander a terrible scare. nakes had been talked of for a day or two, to get the man's feelings properly worked up, and one evening he was invited to take a seat on the veranda for a smoke. His chair was so placed that a boy could creep up and deposit the specimen under it, and when this had been done some one began to talk about the way snakes sometimes crept into houses.

One evening last summer as a lot of us sat out here," observed one of the crowd, "a rattler about seven feet long crept up there, dropped down on the

or, and such a time you never saw!" Every man bent over to look under his chair, as if suspecting the presence of a snake. The Wolverine caught sight of the serpent under his, and slowly rose up, pulled the chair away, kicked the reptile clear over the railing of the veranda into the street and sat

down with the remark: "Well, I s'pose I'd get used to it after living here awhile, but just now the sight of a snake makes me rather nervous. Who tells the next story?" M. Quad.

The Same to You.

Fritz, as he is familiarly called, is genial old German who keeps a beer-saloon. He labors under the disadvantage of being extremely deaf, hence he has a deputy who attends to the spiritual wants of the customers. One day a fun-loving youth, named Read, entered the saloon with a few friends, their object being to test some of the beer, probably in the interest of sci Fritz was as smiling as a basket of poker chips. Read raised his mug-the one with the beer in it-and banteringly remarked to Fritz:

'Here's to your health, you miserable old reprobate; you are a disgrace to the nineteenth century.

"The same to you Mr. Read," replied the old image, bobbing his head and smiling, under the impression that some extraordinary compliment had been paid him.

Mr. Fielzig wanted to leave the city by the last train, and, not knowing when it left, sent his servant to see, saying; 'John, go down to the depot and see when the last train goes, and harry back and teil me." Joan went off and did not return for more than two hours, when he rushed back into ·Where in the room all out of breath. God's world have you been all of this time?" demanded his master. "Train just left, sir—this very minute," was John's broken reply.

PENSIONS.

Soldiers, Dependent Fathers, Minors, Mothers and Widows, if you are doubt as to whether you have received all that is due you from the U. S. Government, send to us for blanks and instructions. Stoddart & Co., 413 G Street, Washington, D. C.

Perfect sympathy is the key to courtesy Be courteous to all. Do good to all nien. Speak evil of no one. Hear before judging. Think before speaking. Henry George, who has just returned to the United States, proposes to write his experience of his lecturing tour in Great Britain.

It is with some good qualities, as it is with the senses: they are incomprehen-sible and inconceivable to such as have them not -Rochefault.

In his essay on "Friendship" Emer son says: "Friendship, like the immor-tality of the soul is too good to be he

When a remedy has proven itself to be a cure for consumption and a perfect lung restorer, it should be kept in every well regulated home. We refer to Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, a single dose of which will cure an ordinary cough or cold. A few bottles will cure consumption. It is very pleasant to take

Without mounting up by degrees, a man cannot attain to high things; and the breaking of the ladder casteth a man back, and maketh the thing wearisome, which was easy -Sir P. Sidney "Luck," said Garfield, "is an ignis

fatuus. You may follow it to ruin but never to success. * * * Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up There is a tint of purple noticeable in all the new blue fabrics, and some

satins and silks are of an intense ple shade. White satin, brecaded with purple velvet pansies, is exceedingly rich, and is used for panels, vest, and tablier in combination with Ottoman cr other heavy silk material. Is your system running down? Is there

a feeling of decrepitude taking possession of you? Are the functions of your diges of you? tive and urinary organs impaired? I your blood bad? Do sores and pimple rouble you? Do you suffer from and pains! Are you weak, and does the least exertion give you fatigue? Beware! Regain perfect health by using Dr. Guy-sott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla.

Those who can command themselves command others. The greatest of faults, I should say

is to be conscious of none. - Carlyle, Manners are the shadow of virtues. Sy dney Smith, ut economy none can be rich and with if few can be poor .- Dr. John-

Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a weil; while one ascends the other decends.—Bishop Hopkins,

An idler is a watch that wants both hands, As useless if it goes, as if it stands.

Headache,'s immediately relieved by the use of

The intelligent farmer never waits for something to turn up. He needs only to take a plow and use if thoroughly, and the ground will turn

"Does our constant chatter disturb lee Cream and Candy Manufacturers. you?" asked one of three talkative ladies of a sober-looking fellow-passener. "No, ma'am; I've been married nigh on to thirty years." was the quiet

The trite saying of good Bishop Berkeley, "Westward the course of Empire takes its way," is daily verified by events. Not least significant among these is the fact that the State Department at Washington has just purchased a number of Rockford Quick Train Railroad Watches to be given by President Arthur to Captains of foreign vessels in testimony of our Government's appreciation of their gallantry in saving the lives of American seamen. A few years ago Geneva watches only would have been considered good enough for such a purpose, now, among many competitors, the movements made at this far Western Factory are selected as being the best examples of human skill in deficate handlwork.

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The new combination of Smart Weed and delladonna, as used in Carter's Backache Plas-Belladonna, as used in Carter's Backache Plas-ters has proved to be one of the best that could be made. Try one of these popular plasters in any case of weak or lame back, backache, rheu-matism, neuralgia, soreness of the chest or lungs, &c., and you will be surprised and pleas-ed by the prompt relief. In bad cases of chronic dyspepsia, a plaster lover the pit of the stomach stops the pain at once. Ask for Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents.

Faithfulness is necessary in all kinds work. Especially is it necessary, in treating a cold, to procure the best remedy, which is Allen's Lung Balsam, and take it faithfully according to directions, and it will cure a cold every time and prevent fatal results. Sold by

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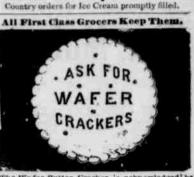
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